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It became then a matter of much difficulty to manage the broad-horns. The increased velocity of the current, the eddies, the whirlpools, the new currents caused by the force of the pent-up waters, made them unmanageable. If a village was seen, it could only be distinguished by the chimneys and roofs peering above the waters, while boats were moving to and fro, removing women and children and all valuables to the hills. Those who have witnessed the periodical inundations of the Nile will scarcely form a just conception of the overflowing of an American river bordered by immense forests.

Often a fleet of boats, encouraged by numbers, would go some distance inland, and anchor over some cane-brake or hollow, a good distance from the river, and then encamp on a little hill until the waters showed some sign of subsiding. This scene would present features quite novel to us. There would be seen boats, with pigs and sheep for New Orleans, cargoes of emigrants for Bois Brulé, loads of boards and planks, of cider and whiskey. A fair was knocked up on these occasions, and "a deal of traffic" was done; so that between fighting, drinking, gambling, and trading, the time would pass pretty swiftly. Sometimes they would have a dance, or they have been known to improve the occasion by hearkening to some zealous preacher about to establish himself in the dark backwoods. Then the wooden trumpets would sound, as a signal that the inundation was abating, and away these strange customers would go on their several journeys.

How the scene has changed! Look at that quiet farm-house represented in our engraving (p. 93). That spot was once a thick and tangled wood, the lair of the panther, the hiding-place of the Shawnee. But no more shall the sound of the war-whoop be heard in the land. Boats still float on the Ohio, but in peace and tranquillity. Village spires, thatched roofs, open fields, roads, cultivated grounds, and large and populous cities, now stand along the banks of the Ohio; and the sound of village bells, the lowing of cattle, and the bleating of sheep are heard, where the shriek and horrid cry of the dark man of the woods was once so frequently distinguished.

Instead of the broad-horn, the steamer now hurries up and down the stream, while merrily sing the boatmen of the Ohio,

on the great wood-rafts which they thus convey to the large towns and sea-ports below. The change is pleasing, satisfactory, and agreeable. A fierce and terrible battle-ground has become the abode of peace and plenty; civilisation and her handmaid Christianity overspread the land, which now feeds and supports millions of men, instead of barely giving life to some few hundreds of yelling savages.

The fate of the red man is sad, but it is inevitable. Where he has accepted civilisation, as in the case of the Cherokees, he is saved; he has government and education; he cultivates fields, and wanders no more; and his villages, once the scene of torture and violence, are inhabited by men who, once savages, are now civilised, with churches, preachers, books, newspapers—all the work of their own race. But when the red-skins stick obstinately to their traditions, defend every inch of land to the last—kill, scalp, burn, and destroy the colonists at every opportunity, and play, in fact, the part of wild and savage beasts—they must perish. The creation of new states, where the wearied millions of Europe may find new life and independence, cannot be checked because the Shawnees, Creeks, and Comanches wish to stick to their old habits. They may resist on the frontiers for a while, while fighting against only one or two men, like Boone, or Harrod, or Wurtzel; but they must soon yield as population progresses, and in the course of time their old land shall know them no more, and every fertile and likely spot of land on the great continent of North America be as safe, as civilised, as progressive, as rich, and as productive of men and things, as are now the shores of the "Beautiful River"—the banks of the great Ohio.

The state of Ohio is about as large as the kingdom of Portugal. It contains hills, mountains, plains, woods, forests. Its climate is colder in winter, and warmer in summer, than England. It produces Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, tobacco and cotton, English fruits, grapes, and wine. Bears and deer are numerous. Its population is nearly two millions. It was only permanently settled in 1788. Its capital is Columbus, on the Scioto river, on a spot which in 1812 was covered by trees. Its great city is Cincinnati, where a great trade is carried on; its excellent University of Athens is celebrated in America. It contains some ruins very much like those found by Stephens in Yucatan.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA.

At a time when the crooked policy of the Emperor of all the Russias has disturbed the peace of Europe, checked the beneficial growth of commerce, and put a stop—for a brief period only, it is to be hoped—to the onward march of human progress, some particulars respecting his throne of state may not be without interest. This magnificent emblem of imperial authority, which is represented in our engraving, is in the hall of the Kreml, or, as it is generally called, the Kremlin, at Moscow. Nearly all geographers and travellers have made great mistakes with regard to this building, some representing it as a monument, and others as a chateau or a palace. The Kremlin of Moscow, like that of St. Petersburg and other Russian cities, is an immense citadel, a sort of fortified square, enclosing within its precincts all that the inhabitants hold most sacred; such as churches, convents, palaces, treasures, arsenals, the holy synod, the senate, the residence of the patriarchs, etc. Erected upon a hill, in the centre of the city, on the banks of the river Moskwa, the Kremlin forms a polygon surrounded by boulevards, the largest of which, a magnificent promenade, has borne the name of Alexander's Garden since 1822.

Let us enter this heart of the city of Moscow, noticing each portion in detail; make our way through the cluster of churches, convents, and palaces; and penetrate to the Granovitaia Palata, or angular palace. It is so named because its exterior is cut into a great number of faces. The Muscovites regarded it as one of the wonders of the world two centuries ago. In the present day, however, it is little more than a

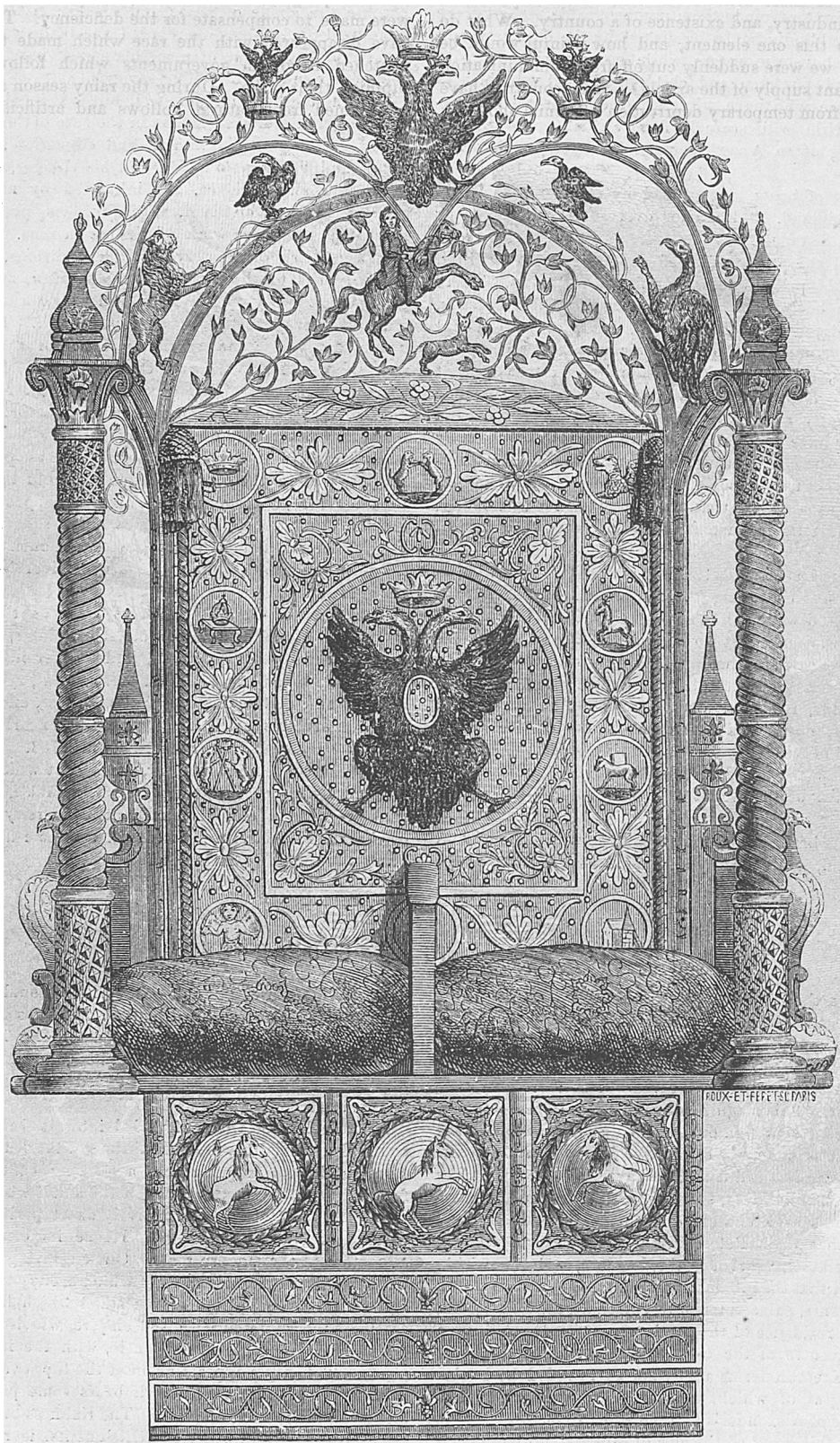
curiosity in their estimation—though a national curiosity, and preserved with something like the sacredness of a palladium. This strange palace is composed of a singular hall, supported in the centre by an enormous pillar, towards which the portions of the roof technically called *voussures*, or covings, descend and converge.

Historical associations of varied interest cluster round this spot. On the right we see the throne of the Russian emperor, forming, by its magnificence, a striking contrast with the feeble light which comes through the small windows. It has been erected within a comparatively short period in the place of that of ancient emperors. Hence its ornamentation is altogether in the modern style. Our engraving represents the back. The ten circular devices which occupy the sides of the square are the emblems of the states which have been successively incorporated with the empire, which is denoted by the two-headed eagle in the centre, with the imperial crown above. This eagle appears again at the top, over the figure of St. George or St. Michael, which bears some personal resemblance to the present emperor. The richness of the columns, the arabesques, and other embellishments, is rendered sufficiently apparent by our illustration.

It is upon this throne that, after the ceremony of consecration, the czar receives the homage of the clergy, the court, and the dignitaries of state. Thence he goes forth to the grand festival, where, according to ancient usage, he is waited upon by his most distinguished officers and chamberlains. This

throne is to the Russians the symbol of both temporal and spiritual power; for the czar is at once their emperor and

the day in which their emperor shall be the sovereign and pontiff of the whole modern world, just as the Romans of old,



THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF RUSSIA IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

pope—the sovereign of their bodies and their souls. Towards this throne, as towards a double sun, the eyes of forty millions of Slayonians turn with reverence, while they await

after having found a skull in the foundation of the Capitol, looked from century to century for the universal domination of their empire.